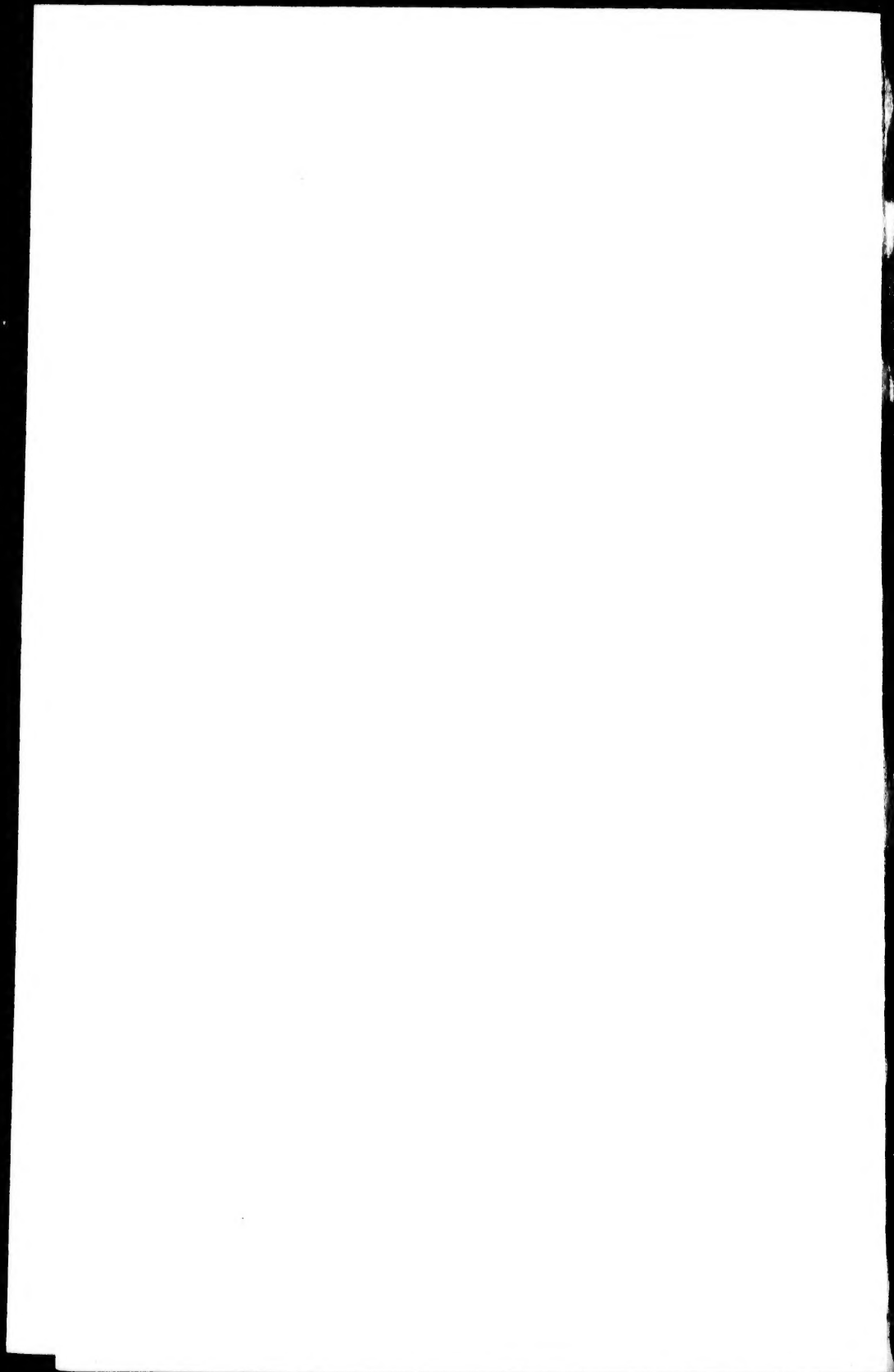




GUIDE-BOOK
TO
MR. WASHINGTON FRIEND'S
GREAT AMERICAN TOUR



FIVE THOUSAND MILES



OF
IN
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES,

INCLUDING

NIAGARA

AND

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

WITH

The Words of the Songs and Melodies

SUNG BY HIM IN HIS UNRIVALLED ENTERTAINMENT.

With Engravings, &c.



YORK:

J. COULTAS, STEAM-PRINTER,

HIGH OUSEGATE.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

The public should be on their guard against several base imitations of **FRIEND'S PANORAMA** of 5,000 Miles in the Far West, which have been hurriedly prepared by parties who have never been in America, but have from time to time visited this exhibition and copied several of the scenes, the remainder having been made up by imagination and guess work, thus robbing Mr. Friend of the reward of years of toil and danger. The spurious may be easily distinguished from the genuine by Mr. Friend's bill containing Her Majesty's Testimonial.

TESTIMONIALS.

Her Most Gracious Majesty's Testimonial to Mr. W. Friend.

Major-General Grey presents his compliments to Mr. Friend, and is commanded by Her Majesty to express her great pleasure and interest at having witnessed his splendid Views of Canada and the United States, and has been further pleased to make selections from his original sketches.

Buckingham Palace, August 20th, 1854.

The Governor-General of Canada's Testimonial.

Government House, Quebec.

SIR,—When I was in London last spring, I visited your beautiful Panorama of Canada and the United States, and take great pleasure in bearing testimony as to the great fidelity of the Views therein depicted, and especially so as regards those of Niagara. If it be of any service for you to say that your Panorama is under the Patronage of the Governor-General, you are perfectly at liberty to make use of my name for that purpose.

ELGIN & KINCARDINE.

Lord and Lady Palmerston's Testimonial.

Lord and Lady Palmerston were much interested by Mr. Friend's Panorama; the spirit and talent with which the views were taken, and their evident truthfulness.

Piccadilly, November 3, 1855.

Testimonial of The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (Earl of Carlisle.)

Major Ponsonby presents his compliments to Mr. Friend, and is desired by His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, to express his great pleasure in having witnessed so artistic and accurate a delineation of Canada and the United States, most of which scenes he has visited personally, and can therefore appreciate their merits.

Vice-Regal Lodge, March, 1854.

Governor-General of Jersey's Testimonial.

Major General Love presents his compliments to Mr. Friend, and begs to express the great pleasure and interest he felt on his visit to his beautiful Panorama, which he has painted with so much skill; and begs further to add, that the description, and the vocal illustrations far exceed his expectations.

Channel Islands, September, 1855.

Newry, Abbey-yard, 18th June, 1857.

SIR,—I visited your exhibition of Views in Canada, &c., yesterday, and was much pleased and gratified, more especially when you shewed the view of Queenstown and General Brock's Monument, as my uncle Sir Roger Hale Sheaffe, Bart., was in that battle, which took place in, I think, 1813. General Brock was killed on the field, and my uncle, who was second in command, took his place. The victory was gained, and my uncle sent over the American General's sword to the Prince Regent, and he was immediately made a Baronet, and afterwards was appointed Colonel of the 36th Regiment, and he died in 1852.

Your obedient Servant,

DANIEL BAGOT,

Dean of Dromore,

Vicar-General of Neuz and Morne, &c.

PREFACE.

IN introducing the reader to the present narrative, it is unnecessary to use words of little sense or meaning, tending to puzzle rather than instruct or amuse. My object is more to give the reader a plain, interesting, and faithful description of the present state and future prospects of these great colonies, than to aim at any literary merit. Suffice it to say, that the observations here made refer to *facts* which have fallen under my own observation, combined with information derived from personal friends who have resided longer than myself at some of the places represented in the Panorama. The whole of the picture is painted by myself, from my own original sketches taken on the spot; the accuracy of the Panorama, therefore, may be relied upon. The many testimonials received by me from distinguished personages in the various cities and towns I have visited with it, at once stamp its truthfulness and originality. The primary object is to give the reader and intending emigrant a complete account of the principal cities, rivers, and lakes of this wonderful continent; as also the persons who should emigrate, and the cheapest and best mode of getting there. There is no question as regards Canada being a field for the persevering; there is no instance in either ancient or modern history of a progress so rapid and yet so satisfactory as that which Canada has made during the last few years. Canada has advanced with a noiseless step towards the goal of wealth and prosperity, leaving behind on her way other nations or communities which have at one time or another occupied a much larger share of public attention. The emigrant who may select this great and rising continent as his future home, will not choose a country whose capabilities are untried, the character of whose soil is unknown, whose climate is uncertain, or where the chance of obtaining a livelihood is a mere lottery, as is the case in going to *Australia* or *California*. Double the advantage is offered to the emigrant for Canada, the distance and expence in getting out there not being one-fifth of that to either of the above mentioned places, there being nothing in its climate which will not brace the nerves and preserve the vigour of the constitution; its soil is fertile beyond comparison with this country; the regulations respecting the sale and purchase of land, unlike those which are in force in some of the colonies, afford every facility for its acquisition to all classes. Canada may very justly be described as the land of hope and plenty; it is a country where the industrious labourer, mechanic, struggling shop keeper, or small farmer may easily rise, and with a young and growing family around him, speedily become a man of property. As for taxation, it is a mere farce to call it such, so trifling is the amount levied in this country. Education is placed within the reach of all; religious instruction abounds; and there exists absolute freedom in all matters relating to religious opinions. For labourers and artizans and female servants, the rate of wages is high, provisions are low in price, and there is a large demand for labour of all kinds; the average rates of wages vary, according to the seasons, at particular times.

		PER DAY.				PER DAY.	
		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Bricklayers	...	7	0	to	9	0	
Carpenters	...	7	0	"	8	0	
Coopers	...	3	0	"	4	0	
Dressmakers (with board)	...	1	3	"	2	0	
Hatters	...	5	0	"	7	0	
Joiners	...	5	0	"	7	0	
Needlewomen (with board)	...	0	10	"	2	0	
Labourers, farm (with board)	...	2	0	"	3	0	
" day	...	3	0	"	4	0	
" boys and girls	...	1	0	"	1	3	
" railway	...	4	0	"	5	0	
Masons	...	7	0	"	8	0	

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.		
Painters ...	5	0	"	6	0	Smiths ...	5	0	"	6	0
Printers (compositors) ...	6	0	"	7	0	Shoemakers ...	4	0	"	5	0
" (power pressmen) ...	6	0	"	6	6	Upholsters ...	5	0	"	6	0
Servant maids (per month) ...	20	0	"	28	0	Tinsmiths ...	5	0	"	5	6
" boys (per month) ...	16	0	"	28	0	Tailors (males) ...	4	0	"	5	0
" men (per month) ...	40	0	"	55	0	(females) ...	1	0	"	2	0
Stonecutters ...	5	0	"	6	6	[These figures are in sterling; an addition of one-fifth gives the value in currency.]					

There is no fear of Canada being over-populated : far from it ; there is sufficient space in Canada to absorb all the labour that is there, and fifty times its amount. Canada is nearly three times as large as Great Britain and Ireland ; it contains an area of about three hundred and fifty thousand square miles, or two hundred and forty millions of English acres. It extends in length from the Coast of Labrador to the River Riministiguia, at the western extremity of Lake Superior, about sixteen hundred miles, with an average breadth of about two hundred miles, and contains the most magnificent rivers and inland seas of any country in the world. The waters of all the rivers and lakes of Canada empty themselves into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Although great has been the prosperity of America, and of the new settlements which mark the magnificent country just described, yet Nature has not been wooed in them without trials, nor have her treasures been won without a struggle worthy of their value. Those who have been in the habit of passing early clearings in Upper Canada must have been struck with the cheerless and lonely, even desolate, appearance of the first settlers. A little log hut in the midst of a dense forest, and with a "patch of clearing" scarcely large enough to let the sun shine upon it, looks not unlike a person struggling for existence upon a single plank in the ocean. For weeks, often for months, the settler sees not the face of a stranger ; the same wild and boundless forest every morning rises up to his view, and his only hope against its shutting him in for life rests in the axe upon his shoulder. A few blades of corn peeping up between stumps whose very roots interlace, they are so close together, are his safeguards against want ; whilst the few potato plants in little far-between "hills," and which struggle for existence against the briar bush and luxuriant underwood, are to form the seeds of his future plenty. Tall pine-trees, girdled and blackened by the fires, stand out as grim monuments of the prevailing loneliness ; whilst the forest itself, like an immense wall round a fortress, seems to say to the settler, How can poverty ever expect to escape from such a prison-house ? Yet there is happily a poetry in every man's nature ; and there is no scene in life, how cheerless soever it may seem, where that poetry may not spring up—where it may not gild desolation itself—and cause a few to hope where all the world beside might despair. That little clearing—for I describe a reality—which to others might afford such slender guarantee for bare subsistence, was nevertheless a source of bright and cheering dreams to that lonely settler. He looked at it, and instead of thinking of its littleness, it was the foundation of great hopes—of a large farm and rich corn fields—to him. And this day-dream, or poetry, or what you will, cheered him at his lonely toil, and made him contented with his rude fireside. The blades of corn, which you might regard as conveying but a tantalizing idea of human comforts, were associated in his mind with large stacks and full granaries ; and the very thought nerved his arm and made him happy. His little lonely hut, into which I saw his timid children shrinking out of my sight, was coupled by him not with the notion of privations and hardships you might naturally attach to it,

s. d. s. d.
 5 0 " 6 0
 4 0 " 5 0
 5 0 " 6 0
 5 0 " 5 6
 4 0 " 5 0
 1 0 " 2 0
 addition of one-
 y.]

is sufficient
 its amount-
 it contains
 two hundred
 the Coast of
 ke Superior,
 two hundred
 seas of any
 Canada empty
 in the pros-
 magnificent
 thout trials,
 their value.
 Upper Canada
 appearance
 and with a
 on it, looks
 a the ocean.
 stranger; the
 and his only
 shoulder. A
 terlace, they
 e few potato
 against the
 nature plenty.
 monuments
 se wall round
 et to escape
 y man's na-
 seem, where
 itself—and
 t little clear-
 nder guaran-
 uring dreams
 ts littleness,
 rn fields—to
 him at his
 ades of corn,
 an comforts,
 and the very
 ly hut, into
 oled by him
 attach to it,

but with the proud and manly idea that it should be the place where he should achieve the respectability and independence of those children. But besides this, he knew the history of hundreds, nay thousands, of others in Canada who had gained prosperity against similar odds; and he said, in his manliness, that he should go and do likewise. Seven years afterwards, I passed that same settler's cottage: it was in the valley of the Ottawa, or grand river in Upper Canada, not far from the present village of Caledonia. The little log hut was used as a back-kitchen to a neat two-story frame house painted white. A large barn stood near it, with stock of every description in its yard; the stumps, round which the blades of corn, when I last saw the place, had so much difficulty in springing up, had nearly all disappeared; luxuriant Indian corn had sole possession of the place where the potatoes had so hard a struggle against the briar bushes and the underwood; the forest—dense, impenetrable, though it seemed—had been crushed far back by the energetic hand of man. A garden, bright with flowers, and enclosed in a snake fence, fronted the house; a young orchard spread out in the rear. I met a farmer as I was quitting the scene returning from church with his wife and family: it was on a Sunday, and there was nothing in their appearance, save perhaps a healthy brown colour in their faces, to distinguish them from persons of wealth in cities. The waggon they were in, their horses, harness, dresses, everything about them in short, indicated comfort and easy circumstances. I enquired of the man who was the owner of the property I have thus been describing? "*It is mine, sir,*" he replied; "I settled on it nine years ago, and have, thank God, had tolerable success." Such was an early settler of Upper Canada; such were his hardships, his fortitude, and his success. His history is but that of thousands in the same province.

It will therefore be seen, that however small a man's means may be, he has every chance of succeeding in so wide a field as Canada. An emigrant of the labouring classes is safe enough, if on landing at Quebec, he has sufficient means to carry him to the old settlements of Upper Canada, or the neighbourhood of the railway and other public enterprises everywhere going on; a few dollars will suffice, and every able-bodied man is certain of obtaining immediate employment. As the object of every emigrant accustomed to agricultural labour is to become the farmer of his own land, he cannot begin too early to secure the knowledge essential to his success; there is a wide difference in the mode of farming from that pursued in the old country, and the poorer the settler the greater will he find that difference; it must be the fate of all agricultural emigrants, without other resources than their labour, to clear the land of its forests, and it is better that every emigrant should learn something of this and other new occupations by working for another before he attempts this on his own account. In conclusion I may remark, that there is no fear of success if any one chooses to try. If a man is able and willing to work, Canada is the place for him. A man that will take off his coat and march forward to the *music of his own axe*, may be certain of plenty, and have the consolation as well, through the rise of property, of leaving his children well off; at all events he will leave them where they will have been taught how to succeed and where success is attainable. I have often seen, in different rambles through the Far West, changes take place in rapid succession from the log hut to the farm house; then a village rise up, as it were in a dream, and in a short time become a flourishing little town. Such is the growth of many of the settlements in the Far West. The most striking effect of the rapid increase of the population in America, is the rise and growth of

towns and cities. At the head of a lake, or upon the bank of a navigable river which flows through a fertile country, an adventurer or speculator sets himself down, and says "Here shall be a city." If his judgment be good, and the country around his imaginary "Thebes" or "Athens" be inviting, the waves of population, which perpetually flow westward, stop for a time at his location, and actually verify his dream. This is literally the history of Chicago and Milwaukie in the United States, and of Brantford and London in Upper Canada; and land that has been sold at one pound per acre and less, invariably is now worth twenty-five pounds per foot. Such is the growth in the *Far West*.

SIX REASONS

Why you should go to Canada and the United States immediately, and take your ticket at Mr. FRIEND'S abode of genius, whence you start on a journey of 5,000 miles, with a FRIEND for your guide, and Music and Travel-Talk to beguile the way.

1st.—Because Canada and the United States are the most interesting countries next to our own, as illustrative of the progress of civilization among the Anglo-Saxon race, and because our friends dwell there, and we ourselves or our children may one day find in them our dwelling-place and homes.

2nd.—Because it is more interesting and useful to see the places we are desirous to know about, than merely to be told about them: and in Mr. FRIEND'S panoramic journey, the cities of the West are vestiged, so far as artistic skill can present in portraiture the counterpart of reality.

3rd.—Because to cross the Atlantic for motives of curiosity only is expensive, requires time, involves the chances of shipwreck, and the inconveniences attendant on travel by sea; whereas, by visiting Mr. FRIEND, you are placed at once on the other side of the Atlantic by payment of One Shilling.

4th.—Because to travel through a new country without a competent guide is liable to lead to perplexities, personal danger, and pecuniary loss: all of which will be obviated by accepting Mr. FRIEND'S services, and going to Canada and the United States under his guidance.

5th.—Because the toil of travel requires a pleasant companion to render the hours less wearisome, the distance less fatiguing, and the results of travel more beneficial. In Mr. FRIEND you will find a companion who will accompany you through every scene, explain to you every interesting object, tell you a befitting anecdote at a fitting time, and sing you a song, or play you a tune, when you need music to shed its soothing influence on your journey. He, in fact, will obligingly be, to quote the poet's words,—

"Your guide, philosopher, and friend."

6th.—Because amusement is needed by every one, and instructive amusement is to be preferred. Recreation of that description—recreation that does not exhaust you in the enjoyment—that does not enervate while it excites—that leaves you better informed than you were, and with clearer ideas on certain subjects than you had previously—that renders you at once a travelled man, and meanwhile makes you a merry one, may be found by going to-night to Mr. FRIEND'S entertainment, and taking with him a journey in which you will cross the Atlantic in one minute, and see all the Western World within the next two hours.

NOTICE.

During the Exhibition of the Panorama in Edinburgh, the eminent Publishers Nelson and Co., honoured Mr. W. F. with a visit; and having themselves made the *same tour*, were at once convinced of its truthfulness and originality, and entered into an agreement for the publishing of the sketches, which may be obtained of the principal stationers in every town in the kingdom, and at the Exhibition Rooms, printed in three colors, with interesting description, Price ONE SHILLING.

ob
bu
la

And
the I
The
oppo
of B
its c
in th
is su
the
Cast
We
by M
of th
stan
W
nort
beau
We

Rou
The
Whi
Hap
Whe
O'er
The
Slee

We
gre
sist

PANORAMA.

*** As the Painting moves before the audience, the spectator, who holds this book, will observe that in the Evenings the Picture commences moving in the order here printed; but at the Day representations it is reversed, and commences at the other end of the last page of the description, and follows back to this page.

Part I.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

And its Magnificent Harbour. The city is situated upon an island called the Island of Manhattan, and boasts of the finest harbour in the world. The population of the city of New York is about 700,000. On the opposite side of the East River, upon Long Island, is situated the City of Brooklyn, known as the City of Churches, from the circumstance of its containing a larger number of religious edifices than any other city in the United States. Its population is about 200,000. The spectator is supposed to be standing upon Statten Island. We have a view of the Narrows, with the broad Atlantic in the distance. Also Jersey City, Castle Garden, Governor's Island, and numerous other interesting objects. We will now trace the journey we intend taking upon a huge Map drawn by Mr. Friend for the occasion, but principally shewn for the instruction of the younger branches of the community, that they may better understand the route taken in this extensive tour.

We now sail on the Hudson River, the Rhine of America; the northern banks of this noble steam are dotted in every direction with beautiful villas; the Catskill Mountains are here seen to great advantage. We pass one of those splendid Steamers, or Floating Palaces, and arrive at

POUGHKEEPSIE BY SUNSET.

MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

American Melody.

Round the meadows am a ringing
The darkies' mournful song,
While the mocking bird am singing,
Happy as the day am long!
Where the ivy am a creeping
O'er the grassy mound,
There old Massa am a sleeping,
Sleeping in the cold, cold ground!

Down in the cornfield
Hear that mournful sound.
All the darkies am a weeping,
Massa's in the cold, cold ground.

When the autumn leaves were falling
When the days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old Massa calling,
Case he was so weak and old!
Now the orange tree am blooming
On the sandy shore,
Now the summer days am coming,
Massa nebbber calls no more.

Down in the cornfield
Hear that mournful sound,
All the darkies am a weeping,
Massa's in the cold, cold ground.

West Point. Here is situated in this delightful mountain range the great Military Academy of New York. The government property consists of about three thousand acres. The Academy Professors' houses

are built upon a large plateau, commanding a magnificent view of the Hudson river both ways. The scenery around is beyond conception. The situation is well adapted for health, study, pleasure, and exercise. The great day of the year is the annual review of the cadets.

SONG—KEMO KIMO.

Down South Carolina the darkies go,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
Dat's whar de white folks plant de toe,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O;
Cover de ground all over wid smoke,
And up the darkie's head dey poke,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
Kemo kimo, dar O whar wid my hi my ho
And in come Sally singing sometimes penny-
winkle, lincum nip-cat,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O.
Milk in the dairy nine days old,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O;
Frogs and the 'skeeters getting mighty bold,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi, O,
Dey try for to sleep but it am no use,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
Dar legs hang out for de chickens to roost,

Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
Kemo kimo, dar O whar wid my hi my ho,
And in come Sally singing sometimes penny-
winkle, lincum nip-cat,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O.
Dar was a frog lived in a pool,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
Sure he was de biggest fool,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
For he could dance and he could sing,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
And make all de woods around him ring,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
Kemo kimo, dar O whar wid hi my ho,
And in come Sally singing sometimes penny-
winkle, lincum nip-cat,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O.

Ascent of the Catskill Mountains—Night Bivouac—Moonlight Scene
—The Hunters Shining the Deer. The hunters place a lighted lantern on their heads in order to obtain a better aim at their prey. The animal seems to have no idea of distance, and is therefore easily shot down—Mountain Pass, and Primitive Forest. Hunters passing through with their canoes to avoid the Falls. Their curious manner of carrying them—The beautiful Valley of the Mohawk, formerly occupied by the war-like tribe of that name—Immense Forests—Travelling on a Plank Road—An American Hotel. We now arrive at the picturesque and beautiful

TRENTON FALLS.

A fashionable resort of the Americans. And here the tourist might wander amid groves of the most fairy-like appearance—forests of the grandest and sublimest description—wild flowers and fruit—and the beautiful mosses, some clinging like feathers to the rocks, and some white as snow, others trailing along the ground yards in length. The magnificent falls, many in number in this ravine, are visited every year by thousands, and will repay the Tourist for the trouble and toil of climbing the magnificent rocks, and trailing through the beautiful forest scenery. There is a capital Hotel close by kept by a Mr. Moore, a very kind and hospitable host. We now travel on a Plank Road, and on our way pass an American vehicle called a Sulky, and next arrive at the

CITY OF ROCHESTER, BY SUNSET.

The progress of Rochester has not been so great as in many other cities in the United States. The population is upwards of seventy thousand. It has a disadvantage in not being built quite on the lake. The Genesee River is three miles distant, where the Rochesterians have built extensive mills,

using
ing in
strong
times
quest
and s
hair l

Now
which
annua
Patch
with
below
he lea

India
paring
Papoo

Appr
aspec
Cata
come
agita
scene
then
grand
there

M
as th
long,
it we
arou
imag
the
pass

using up annually three million bushels of wheat. Rochester is interesting in another point of view, being the head-quarters of Bloomerism and strong-minded women. These formidable ladies hold large meetings at times, and choose their own presidents, when they discuss the political questions of the day with as much excitement as among the sterner sex, and sometimes a little more so, as may be seen by the sundry locks of hair left behind. The magnificent

GENNESE FALLS

Now burst upon our view. There are three cascades, the greatest of which is upwards of one hundred feet high. These splendid Falls annually attract hundreds of visitors. It was from this place that Sam Patch took his last leap. This foolish man used to make heavy wagers with different parties for leaping from the Falls' shore into the river below. But, alas! like many other absurdities, it was carried too far; he leaped once too often.

THE FOREST BY NIGHT.

Indians with their fires—Their Wigwams, and curious method of preparing their Evening Meals—The Squaws rocking their Babies or Papooses to sleep.

INDIAN MELODY PATOIS.

Deriez chez nous il y a un etang,
Deriez chez nous il y a un etang;
Deux beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Decendes à l'ombre du bois,
Decendes à l'ombre du bois.

Approach to Niagara—The Rapids—Their awful roaring noise—Wild aspect of the Scenery—The grandeur of the Rapids is worthy of the Cataracts in which they terminate. In the greater branch the river comes foaming down with prodigious velocity, and presents a surface of agitated billows dashing wildly through the rocks and islands. This scene of commotion continues till within about thirty yards of the Falls, then the great body of the stream resumes its tranquility, and in solemn grandeur descends into the cloudy and unfathomable abyss. Never was there a nobler prelude to a sublime catastrophe.

SPLENDID VIEW OF THE RAPIDS BY MOONLIGHT,

(THE HARVEST MOON IN AMERICA.)

Many visitors express themselves as much delighted with the Rapids as the Falls themselves. We pass the wooden bridge one thousand feet long, and now we arrive at Niagara. I must here apprise the reader that it were vain to attempt to describe Niagara, for the Falls and the scenery around, immeasurably exceed everything of the kind elsewhere seen or imagined. Crossing over to Goat Island, we have a much nearer view of the Falls. Thence to the Canada side; the scene from this point is of surpassing grandeur. Table Rock is a large mass of granite, projecting about

forty or fifty feet over the Falls. The deep green river beneath; the awful rocky precipice; the mighty floods, rolling and tumbling from the heights above, at once stamped Niagara upon my mind for ever. From this point



the beautiful phenomenon of the rainbow is often seen to great advantage, —“all that expands, yet appalls.”

“And such was that rainbow, that beautiful one
Whose arch was refraction, its keystone—the sun;
A pavilion it seemed, with a Deity graced,
And justice and mercy met there and embraced.”

The rainbow appears and disappears over the Falls; an effect that no artist in the world, except Mr. Friend, has ever been able to accomplish.

SONG—O BEAUTIFUL RAINBOW!

O beautiful rainbow, all woven with light,
There's not in thy tissue one shadow of night;
It seems heaven opened when thou did'st appear,
As if a bright vision of angels were near,
And sang of the rainbow, the rainbow, the rainbow,
And sang of the rainbow, the smile of God is here.

I think as I'm gazing thy colours to mark,
How o'er the lone mountain where rested the ark,
Those saved from the deluge, with wondering eye
Beheld the first rainbow burst over the sky,
And sang of the rainbow, the rainbow, the rainbow,
And sang of the rainbow, Thy promise, O Lord, on high.

Magnificent Pass in the forest; awful storm scene—

THE TERRIBLE WHIRLPOOL.

This interesting phenomenon is about three miles below the Falls. The river here rushes headlong at nearly a right angle, which occasions the Whirlpool, and the current rises with such amazing velocity as to rise up in the middle ten feet above the sides: this has been ascertained by actual measurement.

“ Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes ;
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and whirls, and foams, and thunders through.”

Here is a path leading down the bank to the Whirlpool. I have often sat and watched large logs and trees whirled round in its outer circles, while in the centre they are drawn down with great force perpendicularly, and are soon shot again further down the river. We will now retrace our steps, and pay a visit to

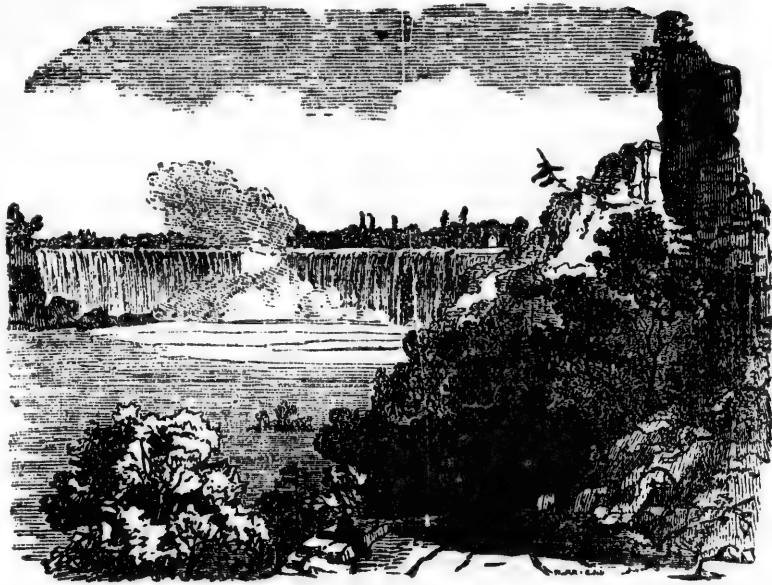
THE AMERICAN FALL AND INCLINE PLANE.

This magnificent cataract, seen from below, is very noble; the whole body of the water is at once shattered into foam, and comes down in a thousand feathery and fantastic shapes, which in a bright sunshine, as I beheld them, were resplendently beautiful. Nothing which ever enters the awful caldron of the Fall is ever seen to emerge from it. Descending the staircase leading down the bank, there is a safe ferry to the Canada side. Here we have a view of Goat Island, which separates the Falls. It commences near the head of the Rapids, almost in the middle of the river, and extends to the precipice, dividing the Falls into two sheets; it is half a mile in length, and one-fourth of a mile in width, and contains 75 acres of rich and heavy-timbered land; situated in the midst of the Rapids, and surrounded by them on three sides, this island is one of the most beautiful, fascinating, and romantic places in the world: it affords a delightful retreat for the artist, the lover, and the poet, to indulge in their meditations, fanned by gentle breezes.

“ If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found.”

Goat Island is so called from the circumstance that, about the year 1770, Mr. Steadman, then resident at Schlosser, contrived by some means to put a few goats upon the island; but its more appropriate and adopted name is Iris Island. At the lower end of Goat Island, about one-third across it, a staircase, erected in the year 1829, at the expense of Nicholas Biddle, Esq., of Philadelphia, gives visitors an opportunity of descending below the bank, and passing a considerable distance behind the two main sheets of water; the descent from the top of the island to the margin of the river is 185 feet. A common flight of steps leads down 40 feet to the perpendicular spiral steps, 90 in number, which are enclosed in a building in the shape of a hexagon, resting on a firm foundation at the bottom: this was a favourite jumping place of that silly personage Sam Patch. The path to the left leads to the great Crescent Fall; the path to the right leads to a magnificent cave. We now visit.

THE HORSE SHOE FALL.



This magnificent fall of water is 158 feet high, and 1,900 feet wide, and is the most extensive sheet, and usually attracts more notice than the American Fall. A rock is here seen from which a young lady lost her life while plucking a flower too near the edge of the precipice. Splendid view of the Pass of Lundy's Lane, with Niagara Village in the distance. This place is interesting in an historical point of view; it is where the celebrated battle was fought, called the Battle of Lundy's Lane. Here are seen the beautiful maple and other trees, and the extraordinary brilliancy of the foliage during autumn. A party of emigrants is also seen wending their way to their new home in the Far West.

ORIGINAL SONG—LILLIE LEE.

She came in beauty like the spring,
And strewed my path with flowers;
As roses o'er the trellice cling,
She cloth'd life's sunny hours.
Her voice was low, and sweet, and kind,
Her love was life to me;
And oh! my heart will never find
A love like Lillie Lee.

Her love was pure as morning mist,
Her heart was light as dew;
And like a rose by summer kiss'd,
One sunny hour she grew.
Her voice was low, and sweet, and kind,
Her love was life to me;
And oh! my heart will never find
A love like Lillie Lee.—*W. Friend.*

Ascent of this wonderful region—View of Clifton House. Near this point may be seen the Ferry Landing. We also observe, floating on the surface of the water, the little steamer called "The Maid of Mist," a small but neat little craft, built expressly for navigating these wild and agitated waters. Since this steamer was provided, visitors have been furnished with opportunities of inspecting many interesting scenes that otherwise would have escaped their view altogether. From the top of the stairs leading down to the Ferry, a splendid view of both Falls may be obtained. Here one may enjoy a scene of surpassing grandeur. We also observe in the foreground of the picture

A PIC-NIC PARTY.

This is a capital place for rejoicings, merry-makings, and other agreeable pastimes; in fact, any one who has any taste or regard for the works of nature, might live at Niagara in winter or summer, night or day; I don't know how any one can get tired of such a lovely spot as Niagara; there is always something fresh and startling to amuse and instruct the visitor: one day it is stormy and tempestuous; then, again, it is fine, the sun shines, and all looks cheerful: and whenever the sun shines at Niagara, the rainbow is sure to appear; it is emphatically the home of the rainbow. Many visitors prefer looking at the Falls in the glow of brilliant sunshine; but there are many who select the quiet, calm moonlight for this purpose, when the lunar bow appears. Others, again, seek them in storm and tempest, when the awful surges are lashed into foam, and the roar of the cataract overpowers all other sounds.

SONG—BEAUTIFUL WATERS.

Beautiful waters, how sweetly ye glide,
Where tapering pine trees stand up by your side;
Where the floweret peeps and green ivy creeps;
Beautiful waters steal on your way. Away, &c.

Beautiful waters how sweetly ye glide,
With beautiful blossoms and birds by your side;
'Mid scenes so charming, hearts ever warming,
Beautiful waters steal on your way. Away, &c. *W. Friend.*

Grand final view of the Horse Shoe Fall, the American Falls, and Goat Island, the Upper Rapids and Navy Island, and Chippewa Creek.

During the late war between America and Great Britain, three vessels of war were condemned and sent over the Falls. A reward of ten dollars was afterwards offered for the largest piece of the wreck that should be recovered. Some days afterwards a piece about a foot long was found. The river here becomes compressed, and the immense mass of water which is constantly passing down towards the Falls, causes here what is called the Rapids; these Rapids constitute a very important part of the grand and unparalled curiosities of this river; were they anywhere else, they would of themselves be considered more wonderful than many other objects which the curious travel hundreds of miles to behold. Many visitors express themselves more amazed and delighted with the Rapids than with the Falls themselves. The whole region now concludes with a

MAGNIFICENT SUNSET OVER THE RAPIDS.

The Last of the Mohicans gazing on the scene before him, his thoughts being doubtless upon days gone by, and upon those departed.

SONG—THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

Composed by Washington Friend.

The last of the Mohicans sat on the ground,
At the close of a bright summer's day,
The night was fast closing in shadows around,
And the bluebird had finished its lay.
The deep roaring rapids dash'd on in their race
As he sat with his cheek on his hand,
And he sigh'd while the sunset played over
his face,
"They are gone to the silent land."

He sought no companion to tell of his grief;
The monarch mates not with the slave;
But three moons had waned since the Mohican
Chief
Had borne his last boy to the grave.
Alone in the forest he wept for his race,
For he was the last of the band; [his face,
And he sigh'd while the sunset played over
"They are gone to the silent land."

Part II.

In which is represented the magnificent RIVER ST. LAWRENCE, with the great and rising cities, towns, and villages, and scenery unsurpassed for grandeur and loveliness ; the Great Highway to the FAR WEST.

THE RIVER NIAGARA.

Grand view of the country around. The River Niagara runs in a northern direction along the western boundary of the State of New York ; it is the outlet of a great chain of western lakes or seas, beginning with Lake Superior and its hundred tributary streams, and is the principal inlet of Lake Ontario. This river separates Canada from the United States. We have a view of Lewiston, on the banks of the river. Also the village of Queens-town ; it is a very pretty and thriving place, with about 1000 inhabitants.

BROCK'S MONUMENT

Forms a prominent feature in this scene. This structure was built of freestone, and formerly admitted an ascent to its summit by 170 winding steps ; these were almost totally demolished, and the Monument had the shattered appearance as here seen in the Panorama.* It was erected to the memory of Major-General Sir James Brock, whose remains were deposited in a vault beneath (this was erected by his countrymen) : it was 200 feet high. At this place was fought the Battle of Queenstown Heights, in which the king's troops far out-numbered the Americans, and in which the former gained a complete and decided victory. It was, however, dearly purchased, when we take into consideration the death of so gallant an officer as General Brock. In the month of April, 1840, a quantity of gunpowder was deposited in it, and an attempt made to blow it up. View of Lake Ontario in the distance. Here is the scene of many distressing events in connection with the poor fugitives from slavery, the goal of liberty being on the Canada side ; the fugitive frequently dies in his attempt to gain its shore.

SONG—MY DINAH.

My Dinah, dear me ! she is beautiful quite,
As a star that shines brightly at close of the night ;
A voice like a syren, a foot like a jay,
She's just such a girl you don't meet ev'ry day.

Spoken—But she's black !

I know she is, but what of that,
You'd love could you look at her ;
I'll have her just the way she is,
She's black,—but that's no matter.

She lives on the banks of a bright flowing stream,
In a cabin that might have been built in a dream,
Surrounded by roses, and woodbines, and leaves
That twine and climb lovingly up to the eaves.

But she's black ! &c.

And if I should marry this dark colour'd maid,
You'll believe in the truth of what I have said ;
I love her because her complexion will keep,
And they say that all beauty is only skin deep.

But she's black ! &c.

Magnificent view of a Primitive Forest, and grand representation of

A CAMP MEETING.

These religious meetings were formerly very common in America, and

* The Canadians have lately pulled the old one down, and erected a far more beautiful one in its place to indicate the spot where the bones of a hero still repose in their last resting-place.

they had their uses ; but now they are seldom heard of, except to keep up the charter of an old custom. Often as many as 700 or 800 persons have attended one of these congregations, some of them coming from a distance of many miles. The splendid grouping of the figures and truthful delineation of character in this scene, almost enchant the spectator with the visionary idea of reality. (Mr. Friend has been offered 100 guineas for this picture alone.)

PRAYER.

To God our anthems raising, inspiring incense bring,
With hearts and voices praising high heaven's eternal King.
Now loud Hosannas shouting,
Now whispering fervent praise, fervent praise.

ARRIVAL AT TORONTO,

The Queen City of the West.—Descent of the harbour. Toronto is prettily situated, and is a very flourishing and prosperous city. The increase in the value of property is wonderful : its position is admirably adapted for a great commercial city, and it has a population of about 60,000. It is situated upon Lake Ontario ; the houses are principally built of brick, there being no quarries in the neighbourhood. There is a capital iron foundry here, which turns out some splendid engines. There are also some excellent buildings : the Lunatic Asylum is one of the best. Many of the churches are very fine. I visited the Episcopal Church, which has been burnt down three times. Trinity Episcopal College is one of the finest edifices in the neighbourhood : the University of Cambridge sent them out a magnificent donation of 3,000 volumes. The last building I shall mention is the Normal School. The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of this building was inaugurated with all due solemnity, and under the auspices of the able representative of Queen Victoria, on the 2nd of July, 1851. All the tables and stools are fitted up like those of the United States. The Canadian government deserve every praise for their energy in promoting education. They have also been greatly aided by the administrative powers of the late Governor-General, the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine. There is a very curious formation of land that forms the harbour of Toronto ; it is several miles long, and varies from a few yards to miles in breadth. We now leave this charming city, and sail upon

LAKE ONTARIO.

Night comes on, which gives us an opportunity of witnessing the splendid appearance of the lake steamers. These beautiful steamers have a very striking effect, and form an exciting scene of grandeur by night, in consequence of the fire and sparks issuing from the funnels. This is owing to their consuming wood for fuel instead of coal. Coal is by far too expensive a material. The cabin windows are illuminated. The steamers gliding over this beautiful lake by moonlight has a charming effect, and is everywhere hailed with delight. So truthfully are these scenes depicted, that it is with difficulty the spectators can convince themselves that they are not actually sailing upon these mighty inland seas or lakes.

SONG--HURRAH! FOR THE WEST, AND AWAY.

Composed by Washington Friend.

Hurrah! for the West, Hurrah! for the West,
Where fortune will smile on our labour,
And each willing spirit shall work unoppress'd,
Without running over his neighbour.
The broad lands that wait us with plenty in
store,
With light hearts we'll till all the day;
Then shout while the steam-ship speeds out
from the shore
Hurrah! for the West, and away.

Hurrah! for the West, Hurrah! for the West,
Why linger in towns dull and dreary;
To dream out the life of a pauper at best,
With limbs lying idle and weary.
Oh! no, let us go where the rapid's wild roar
Shall sound like a song all the day;
Then shout while the steam-ship speeds out
from the shore,
Hurrah! for the West, and away.

ARRIVAL AT KINGSTON.

This town has laboured under a great disadvantage, in consequence of the Government being removed. The Government was removed from Toronto to Kingston in 1841. The inhabitants expended large sums of money, in the expectation that it would so continue; but in 1844 it was removed back again: thus a very heavy loss was sustained by those who had laid out their money. It has a fine cathedral, colleges, and university, and many other fine buildings. It contains a population of about 14,000; and, from its strong fortifications, is, next to Quebec, the strongest fortified place in Canada. The finest view of Kingston is from the citadel. We shall now enter

THE GREAT ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

SONG--JOE IN THE COPPER.

Founded on Fact.

Now I'm going to tell you a story, the truth of which I know,
Of Mary Ann, a servant girl, whose sweetheart's name was Joe,
Of her mistress and her six-roomed house she was by no means proud,
For 'twas one of those strict places where no followers are allowed.
I heard her once relate how her mistress she did do
One evening when her Joseph came, when he was nigh done too:
One night, said she, my missus went quite early to the play,
And just as if it was to be, my Joseph came that way.
He threw stones at the window, I open'd the area gate
And let him in, and laid the cloth for supper ere 'twas late;
As nice a ham as ere you clapped your two eyes on we'd there,
And, as luck would have it, on that day the man had brought the beer.
When all at once comes missus back, whatever should I do?
She changed her mind about the play, so down the stairs I flew!
Poor Joseph, creeping like a cat, into the copper slid—
Ah! lucky thought, but how I felt, as I clapped down the lid!
Then down comes missus, and she said, "We wash to-morrow morn,
You'd better light the copper fire and make the water warm."
I nearly dropt down with affright, but I was forced to go
And fetch the water which I poured in the copper on poor Joe.
I whispered to dear Joseph, as the first pail roused his fire,
You'd better mind the water, dear, I wont make up much fire;
My missus brought the lucifer, and I was forced to strike it,
And light the fire, while poor Joe kick'd as if he didn't like it.
I nearly sunk while he got hot, when a thought came into my head,
And to the garden missus flew to see which of her fowls was dead.
She took the candle in her hand, and by its flickering glimmer,
Up the area steps Joe bolted just as he began to simmer.

The raftsmen, with their singular rafts, are here seen descending the river. We also pass the Lake of a Thousand Islands.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

Are among the wonders of the St. Lawrence, situated near Kingston. There are, in fact, no less than 1,800 of these beautiful little islands; they are of all sizes, from the islet of a few yards square to miles in length. I know nothing more delightful than a sail through this fairy-like region. It is a famous spot for sporting; myriads of wild fowl of all descriptions may here be found, and fishing is rather fatiguing than otherwise, from the great quantity and size of the fish.

SONG—ROW, BROTHERS, ROW.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,	We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;	Then row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,	The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

THE DESCENT OF THE RAPIDS

Is the most exciting part of the whole descent of the river. I should imagine these Rapids of the Long Sault to descend at the rate of twelve miles an hour: the steamer labours as if she were in a heavy sea; the steam is shut off, she is allowed to go ahead, and the sensation of feeling ourselves going down hill in a steamer is very curious, and a very nervous affair, to say nothing of the roaring of the rapids. Here may be heard the Canadian boatmen, or the raftsmen, singing their national boat-songs on their descent, and nothing sounds more wild or romantic. Raftsmen sometimes lose their lives on going down the rapids, as it requires great skill; they are, generally speaking, a very reckless set of men.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.—(*Original Patois.*)

As sung by the French Canadian Boatmen.

Deriez chez nous il y a un etang,
En roulant ma boulé,
Deux beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Ma roulez roulant ma boulé roulant,
En roulant ma boulé roulant,
En roulant ma boulé.
Deux beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent.
Visa le noir tua le blanc,
Ah! fils du roi tu es méchant.
Tu as tué mon canard blanc.
Toutes ses plumes s'en vont au vent.
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp.
Pour y coucher tous les passants.

A CANADIAN FARM-YARD.

I was quite delighted with many of these Canadian farms; such plenty—such an abundance of everything, and such fine cattle, I had seldom seen, and I may add, experienced such unbounded hospitality. Here may be seen hop-gardens and wheat-fields of immense magnitude, and of the very finest quality.

The inhabitants of one of these farms assured me that they would not live again in the old country on any account, as here they felt themselves far more happy and independent, and, above all, without a Union staring them in the face. What they regretted most of all, was, a want of a cheaper communication between them and the Mother country; and they assured me, one and all, that they could not have a greater blessing than an ocean penny postage. But still they always speak of the old country as their home.

SONG—KATTY DARLING.

I am waiting at your window, Katty darling,	Och! you're waking, och! come down my Katty,
And its sweet your morning dhrames may be,	If ye heard, yet think me not unkind, [darling,
I wouldn't wake you for the world, my darling,	It is all because I love you that I'm going;
For whoknows, perhaps you're dhraming, love	But it is not long I'll lave you, love, behind.
Last night, just as we parted, [of me!	You know how night and morning [brow,
I'd something on my mind to say,	You have seen the big dhrops on my burning
But I couldn't spake, I felt so tender-hearted,	What the betther am I for it Katty, da: ling,
For I'm going, Katty, going far away.	I have wasted not, and yet have nothing now.
Sweet Katty, Katty, Katty, darling,	Sweet Katty, Katty, Katty, darling!
'Tis no use to stay repining here, my darling,	But it wout be so for ever, Katty, darling,
So I'm going, Katty, going far away.	We'll be happy in the land we're going to!

Immense corn fields—beautiful scenery on the banks of the St. Lawrence—the method of farming—snake fences—great mountain range and splendid ravines—magnificent prairie scene.

ARRIVAL AT MONTREAL.

Montreal is indeed a magnificent city, of some 80,000 inhabitants; the view in the panorama is taken from the mountain behind the city; and a finer view I never saw in my life. In the far distance, are the green mountains of Vermont, and a magnificent prairie stretching for miles and miles in the distance, studded with cultivated farms, and the splendid river St. Lawrence, which is here two miles wide, intervening. The majority of the inhabitants are of the Church of Rome. They have also a fine cathedral, capable of accommodating 10,000 persons; it is the largest cathedral in America. My stay in Montreal was only five days, in consequence of the gloom and excitement that prevailed over the place, as it was just after that terrible fire, when no less than 5,000 persons were made houseless in one night.

The tremendous tubular railway bridge, two miles long, is to be constructed here. It is to be called the Victoria Bridge, and, in the whole history of the world, there will not be found a more formidable or a more gigantic undertaking than this will be when finished, not only among the wonders of America, but of the world.

NEAR VIEW OF THE BRIDGE.

This structure will contain 25 arches of the uniform span of 242 feet, with the exception of the centre arch; there is a rise of 40 feet altogether. The tube will be constructed of iron, the rest of the structure solid masonry; the centre arch will be 60 feet from the level of the water to the bottom of the tube. The tube is 25 feet high and 18 feet wide; the piers jutting into the river on either side will each be about half a mile long of solid masonry. Surely none but a Stephenson, backed by those eminent British capitalists, Messrs. Peto, Betts, Brassey, and Jackson, could have undertaken a structure so formidable; the difficulties to be surmounted are indeed incalculable. I feel myself much indebted to the gentlemen connected with the present gigantic undertakings in Canada, for their kindness in placing at my disposal the plans of the bridge, that I might be able to bring before the public a faithful painting, as it will appear when finished, a representation of which is given on the 20th page.

These tremendous undertakings, at present going forward, will open such a future for Canada, that I do not hesitate for one moment in saying, that it is, of all other countries, the most desirable for the emigrant

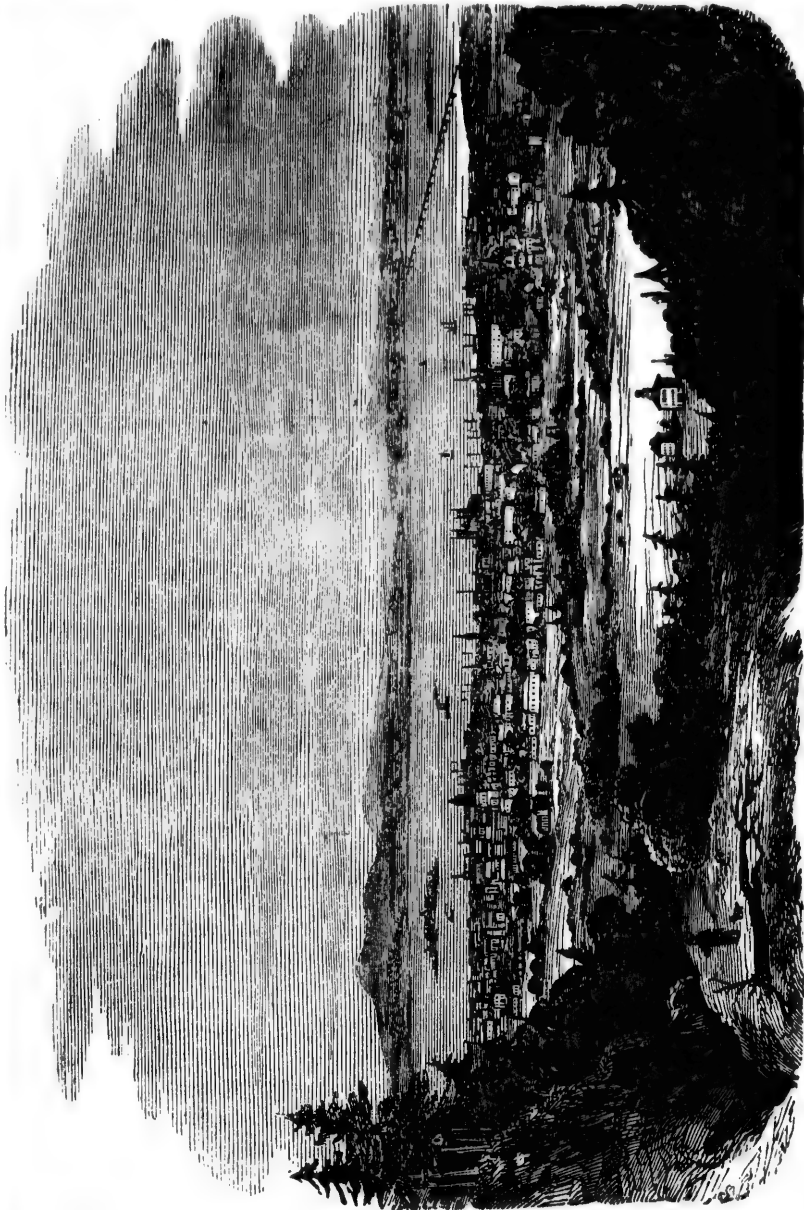
me down my Katty,
st unkind, (darling,
at I'm going ;
you, love, behind.
morning (brow,
pps on my burning
Katty, da-ling,
have nothing now.
darling !
atty, darling,
we're going to !

ks of the St.
ountain range

habitants; the
the city; and
are the green
ing for miles
and the splen-
evening. The
hey have also
ons; it is the
nly five days,
iled over the
ss than 5,000

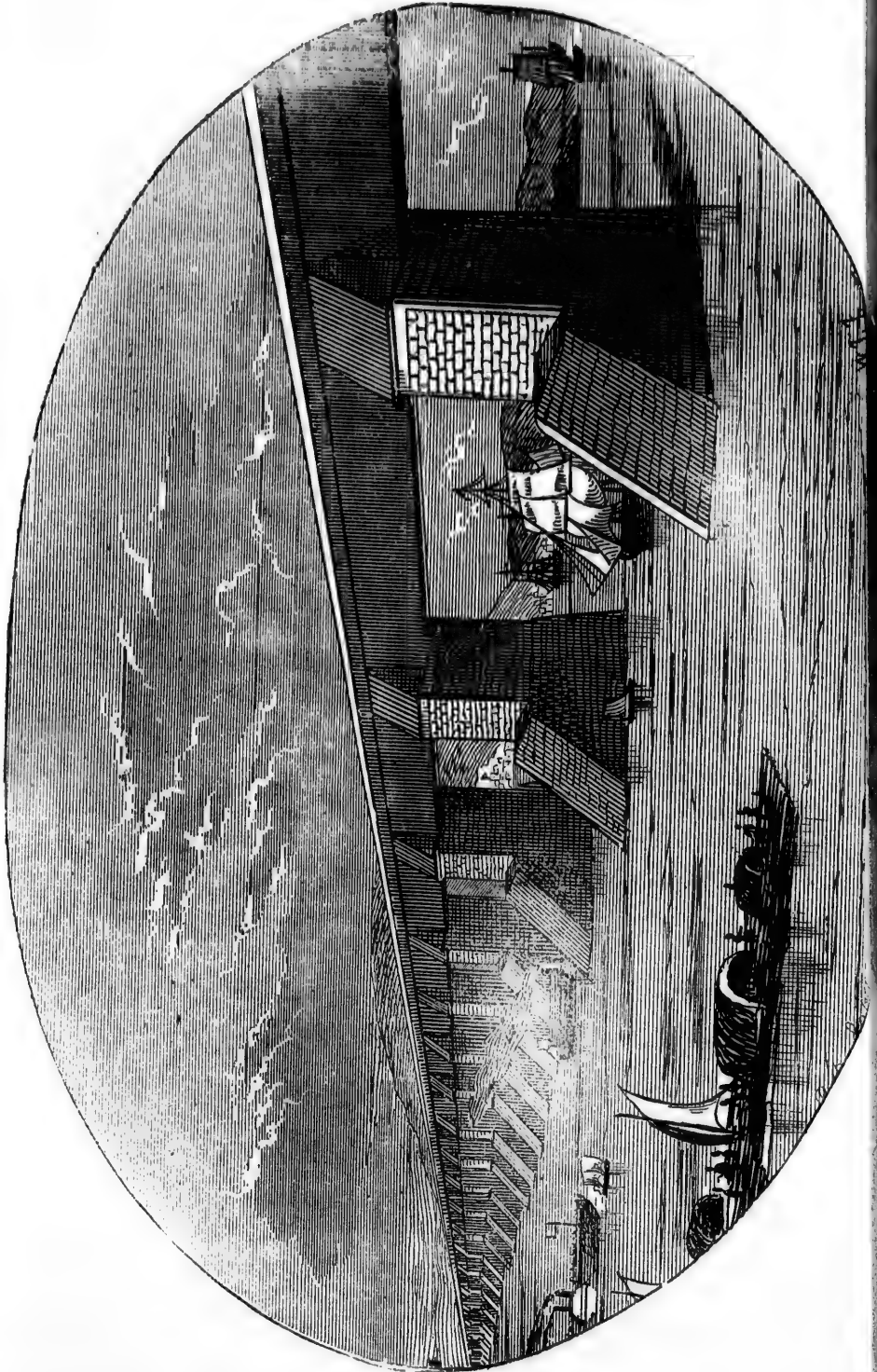
is to be con-
in the whole
rmidable or a
ed, not only

n of 242 feet,
et altogether.
ructure solid
the water to
et wide; the
t half a mile
ked by those
and Jackson,
culties to be
debted to the
s in Canada,
bridge, that
ng, as it will
on the 20th



MONTREAL.

of all classes; the mechanic will here find the most liberal employment, at wages twice and three times what he would get here, when everything else at the same time, is twice as cheap. As for the farmer, it is the very country for him, as he will here require but a limited capital to



comm
posae

Lea
during
steam
with
"stop
the ti
and th
is alw

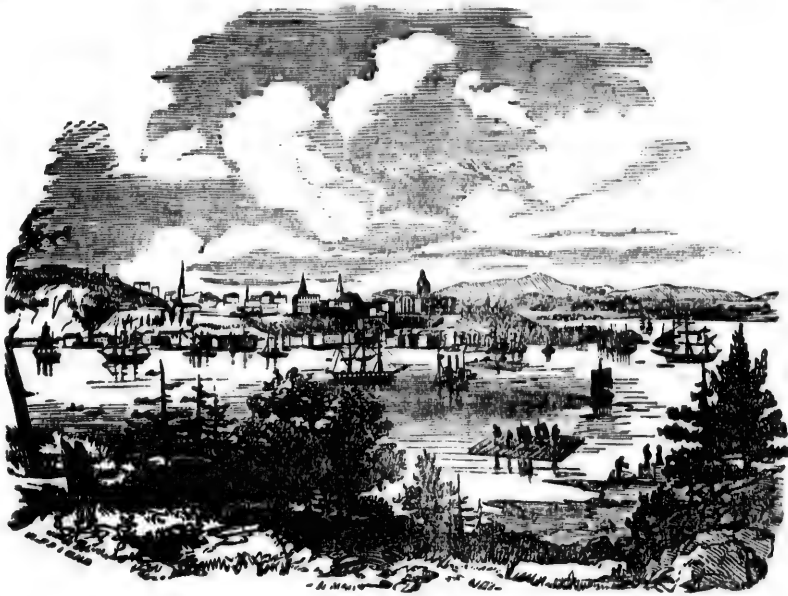
The
lect to
length

TI
ever
have
the
next
citae
and
to t
abo
the
atte
of p
the
Gov

commence with ; and for the small and large capitalist, all her Majesty's possessions in North America are a perfect paradise.

Leaving this interesting spot, we descend the river to Quebec, and during the trip it is quite alive with shipping of the largest tonnage, steamers of palace-like appearance passing to and fro at lightning speed, with music on board ; and moving on so silently, you hear no "ease'er," "stop'er," "mov'er a'ead," on this magnificent stream ; all you hear is the tinkling of a bell, which is perfectly understood between the captain and the engineer below ; and the wheel by which the steamer is steered is always situated forward instead of aft.

The rafts are quite a feature on this river ; myriads of small rafts collect together, and form themselves into one of sometimes half a mile in length. Departure for Quebec, on board the steamer Lady Elgin.



QUEBEC.

This city is most picturesquely situated, the scenery all round and at every turn is perfectly beautiful ; the mountains are here grand, and have a fine appearance in the distance. There is a very fine view from the citadel, which is the strongest post in all America,—indeed, Quebec, next to Gibraltar, is the strongest fortified place in the world ; from the citadel too may be seen the celebrated Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe and Montcalm fell gloriously on the field of battle ; there is a monument to the memory of both these heroes. Quebec is a flourishing city, of about 60,000 inhabitants, and of all places I ever visited, I found this the most agreeable. I met with so much kindness, hospitality, and attention, that I shall ever remember that dear old place with feelings of pleasure. I never left any place with so much regret as Quebec. At the time of my visit, the Government was held there, and therefore the Governor-General, Lord Elgin, had his residence near, from whom I had

the honour to receive much attention. Great numbers of parties of all descriptions are always given here ; I attended many, and found them particularly pleasant. There is not so much distinction in society in the colonies as there is in this country. The son of an Admiral may be seen behind the counter, and I know of a Baronet who thinks it no degradation to go to his office every day, and a Captain who thinks it capital fun chopping down the trees on his farm—and as the lower orders are far better informed, and considerably better educated than in this country, there is naturally not so much distinction ; for, after all, it is to education we have to look for the amelioration of the lower orders.

The Valley and Bay of St. Charles—The Village of Beauport—The Falls of Montmorenci. These celebrated Falls are upwards of 258 feet high, and 50 feet wide—Fleets of Vessels passing up and down the St. Lawrence—The Island of Orleans—Grand View of the distant Scenery.

SONG—BY THE GREAT ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

By the great St. Lawrence river, on the shore, on the shore,
Where the dark and foaming waters loudly roar, loudly roar,
I look for my absent husband, o'er the flood, o'er the flood ;
He is gone to yon far vessel, with his wood, with his wood.
Hark ! hark ! hark ! Uli, a li, a li, O'.

From my hut I often wander, by the moon, by the moon,
And I hear nought but the cry of the racoon, the racoon ;
Tho' the daylight breaks my watching, I still keep, I still keep,
Till I see a light skiff bounding o'er the deep, o'er the deep.
Hark ! hark ! &c.

Oh, bear him, thou mighty river, back again, back again,
Oh, let me not o'er thy billow look in vain, look in vain,
Oh, bring back to me my husband, but once more, but once more,
And i'll praise the waves that bear him to the shore, to the shore.
Hark ! hark ! &c.

ARRIVAL AT POINT LEVI.

Indians encamped—Their Wigwams—Their curious Manners and Customs. The wigwams have a very rude appearance, being chiefly built of birch bark, and the skins of animals stretched upon poles. In this scene Mr. Friend will introduce an Indian Papoose and Case, giving the audience a faithful representation of the manner in which the Indians manage their papooses, or babies, (creating roars of laughter.) The ladies are particularly invited to witness this interesting and amusing scene.

GROSSE ISLE.

The Quarantine Station. There is a melancholy interest attached to this Island, from there having been no less than 6,000 emigrants from Ireland buried in one spot during the terrible year of famine in that country : the poor emigrants arrived here so fast, in such prodigious numbers, and in such a filthy condition, that it was not at all surprising so great a number should have fallen victims to the terrible plague of typhus fever ; everything was done to assist them in their condition, and no less than fourteen medical men fell victims to their exertions in attending upon them.

The scenery here is very beautiful, but the river becomes wider and wider, and soon we lose sight of land altogether. As there are no spots of any interest further down, we will retrace our steps and take a glimpse at a Canadian winter.

THE CONES AT MONTMORENCI.

This is a very celebrated spot for winter amusements. During the winter the frozen spray from the falls accumulates to such an extent as to form itself into a cone of some 80 feet high, in the form of a sugar-loaf. There is also a second or smaller one, and this the visitors make the most use of, as it is not so dangerous. Here there is great fun going on: ladies and gentlemen both entering with spirit into the amusement; they carry their toboggans, which are long thin pieces of wood, and when they arrive at the summit, they seat themselves in them and slide down with immense velocity. It requires much skill to avoid accidents; but sometimes they do tumble head over heels all the way down. They generally drive to this spot in sleighs, and take their wine and provisions with them. One does not feel in the least cold, as the exercise so thoroughly warms and invigorates the system; and then they wear such warm clothing—buffalo and blanket coats, with hoods, being the usual dress, and buffalo robes to sit on, which they wrap round their feet in the sleighs.

Fishing is also a winter amusement. They make holes in the ice, and with a small bait attached to a line will kneel down and watch for a nibble. Immediately on the fish being caught it begins to freeze, and becomes as brittle as glass; but it is said, that if you place the fish in cold water, even after it has been frozen hard a day or two, it will come to life again.

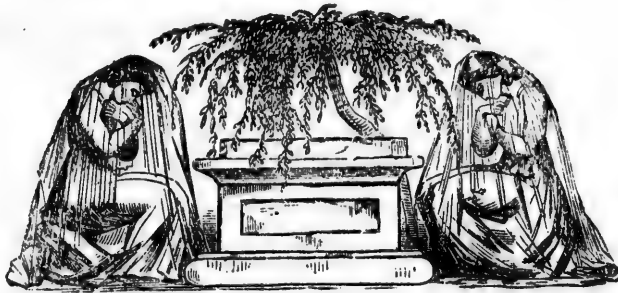
MOOSE HUNT.

The moose deer is a noble animal, as large as a horse, but timid as the ordinary deer. In my opinion it is a very cruel sport hunting this fine animal. The mode usually adopted is, on discovering his track, to follow it up till within sight of the moose, and endeavour to drive him into a drift of snow, where he falls an easy victim. Hunters will remain in the woods for days watching for a moose, and bivouac on the snow. It may be my want of taste, but I never could fancy moose hunting.

The Hunters disturbed by the approach of the Railway Cars—Return to New York, and visit to

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

This spot is most picturesque and beautifully laid out. It is situated most conveniently from New York, and is used as a general place for burial, no interments being allowed in the city. It contains many beautiful monuments: one is to the memory of a young lady, who met with her death by being thrown from a carriage on the day of her coming of age, when she was to be married. The monument is of white marble, and cost 20,000 dollars. Those represented in the panorama are to the memory of those brave fellows, the firemen, who fell victims to their exertions during the tremendous fire which took place in New York, some years ago, when millions of property were lost.



TOLL THE BELL.

My Lilly dear is sleeping
'Neath the old chestnut tree,
The spot where oft she wander'd,
When innocent and free ;
The wild rose and the myrtle,
Still cluster round the spot,
But my heart is filled with sorrow,
And lonely is my lot.

My Lilly dear I'm watching,
Oh wilt thou never come
To greet me with a blessing,
From thy far angel home ;
My sad heart now is aching,
With heavy care oppressed,
Oh may I quickly meet thee,
In that pure land of rest.

Chorus.—Toll, toll the bell, for gentle Lilly Dale,
And let its tones echo through the vale ;
My Lilly dear I've lost, so loving, kind, and true,
Sing to-day, one sad lay, lost Lilly Dale.

Return to New York, on the 4th of July—the Anniversary of their glorious Independence—the greatest day in the year for America. This is the day that Jonathan fights all his battles over again and again, and vows that his nation is the greatest nation in creation ; that the British have licked all the world, and they have licked the British—Hurrah ! I pity any poor Britisher who is obliged to remain in New York on a 4th of July. Everybody turns out—Tom, Dick, and Harry ; soldiers and all. Each company having its own band, wearing its own uniform, and free and independent in every respect. Fancy 300 military bands coming down Broadway, all playing different airs, from “Yankee Doodle,” down to “Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me.”

The dioramic view represents a procession of firemen, with their engine decorated with flowers. The fire brigades of the cities in America are upon a different footing to what they are in the mother country. There all classes enter, and the rich merchant may be found at the same rope of the engine with his shopman ; they enter the service to avoid being drawn for soldiers, or serving on juries ; and have other privileges. They are not paid by the authorities, but are kept up by their own exertions and presents which they receive on the occasion of a fire. In the procession, General Washington's carriage is always drawn by six grey horses ; the day is altogether of the most exciting description, and is considered capital fun, especially to the rising generation.

View of the Broadway, New York, taken from Astor House.—Splendid view of Barnum's Museum. The City Hall. Also, Genin's Hat Shop : this remarkable man made a fortune by purchasing the first ticket for Jeany Lind's Concert, when she arrived in the United States ; he gave 245 dollars for it.

With this exciting scene the panorama closes.

FRIEND;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ARTIST:

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

* * The following brief Narrative of the Artist has been published in answer to many Inquiries made by those who have often visited his Painting, and witnessed the varied talents of one and the same individual.

IN the summer of 1842, a family named Friend (after a residence of 38 years in the United States) arrived in England, with the intention of residing in Canterbury, simply from the circumstance of its being the birthplace of their forefathers. It was also in a great measure owing to their property being there that probably induced them to return to the old country. After some two or three years had passed away, the eldest son Washington, resolved to return to America, the land of his birth, and there practise his profession as teacher of music and drawing; in the spring of 1845 he sailed for New York. After remaining in the empire city four or five weeks, he visited Washington, his native place, then left for Boston, where he opened his academy, and soon had as much practice as he could possibly attend to. Things went on very prosperously until July, 1847, when our young adventurer was induced to speculate, to a great extent, in one of the largest theatres in the Union, which unfortunately was destroyed by fire during the first season (and was not insured for a single cent.) He then sold off his furniture, and disposed of his business in Boston to a friend of his from Paris, and invested 16,000 dollars in a floating museum, being determined to retrieve his fortune. This proved an utter failure, for it happened to be in the summer time, and the river he had selected to descend was the Wabash, the water of which was very low, and neither our young hero nor his assistants knew the channel; after wasting four weeks in this trying situation, he gave it up for a short time, till there was a sufficient depth of water for the museum or show-boat to float with safety. In the meantime he went to Philadelphia, and began his old profession once more—selling his museum to a Mr. Rigboul for 2,000 dollars less than its prime cost. After remaining in Philadelphia just long enough to form a connection and get a capital practice, he purposed painting a Panorama of Canada and the United States. He determined to paint a picture of the beauties of the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, and the Falls of Niagara, that should distance every scenic exhibition yet produced. And this gigantic idea has proved realization in every point; for he has not only shewn us his mastership of painting, but also his proficiency in singing and music.

Notwithstanding the promising results his occupation in Philadelphia held out to him, he commenced his grand project of getting up his great picture, by fitting himself out with every requisite for a two years' excursion; and in the spring of 1849 our young adventurer arose, with a light heart, to start on his wanderings to sketch the different scenes which he determined to exhibit in his monster

painting. It was a bright spring morning—the sun shone beautifully, and all wore a cheerful aspect. At 7 a.m. he had breakfasted, and was seated in the boat for New York, his hopes and thoughts being centred in his herculean task. He then, with his knapsack on his back, crossed over from New York to Staten Island in the little bay steamer; and having selected a spot, embracing in one view New York, Jersey City, and Brooklyn, he made his first drawing. Then proceeding up the Hudson, he visited the Palisades and Poughkeepsie, the Military Academy of New York, and all the beautiful scenery intervening. He then visited Sing-sing, and had not left the steamer more than 15 minutes when the boiler exploded, killing 75 passengers and seriously wounding many others. Meeting with such a fearful disaster upon the first trip, rather checked the cheerful aspects of so glorious an undertaking; however, in three or four days, gloom began to wear away, and his thoughts turned again to the grand object in view. Our young and persevering artist little knew the hardships that were awaiting him, or the difficulties of so arduous an undertaking, the vast amount of labour it required, or he would have shrunk from the task in dismay. But having begun it, he was determined to finish it. He visited Albany and Troy, and unfortunately at Albany he lost his knapsack, and was compelled to renew his outfit. This convinced our young adventurer that all tourists are not too honest or particular as to whose property they take: however, there was a bag left in its place, full enough—not of clothes—but of brick bats, no doubt the work of a New Yorker. Still prosecuting his journey, and unfortunately having no other cash than New Jersey dollar notes, he proffered one for the payment of his fare, which the conductor refused; consequently he was immediately set down in the midst of a primitive forest. This may perhaps prove a warning to emigrants not to take notes belonging to one state into another. To be set down in the midst of a forest, and not knowing the locality or way to the nearest station, which might have been 20 miles distant, was rather discouraging; and with no other guide than the setting sun, he resolved to make for, as he thought, a place called Little Falls, but missed the road and went still farther another way. Still wandering along, wondering how many days or nights he might be in this wild region, night came on, and he was compelled to bivouac in the forest. After wandering for two days and nights, living upon wild strawberries, he suddenly came upon some hunters from New York, deer-stalking, with their lanterns placed on their heads, to attract the attention of the deer. This afforded him a capital opportunity of making a drawing of this animating scene, also tracing his way to Little Falls. The hunters kindly gave him a share of their wine, biscuits, and other things, and enjoyed a hearty laugh at the manner in which he had spent two solitary days and nights in a dense forest. Regaining the railway, he started for Trenton, to visit the celebrated ravine where several beautiful falls are situated in the valley of the Mohawk, rendered so famous by Cooper's well-known romance, "The Last of the Mohicans." This historical part attracts thousands of visitors annually. Trenton has now become a fashionable summer resort of the Americans. The beautiful scenery around, and the kindness of Mr. Moore of the hotel, induced Mr. Friend to remain here for two months; he procured a Daguerrotype apparatus from New York, and realized a large sum of money by taking the portraits of the different visitors, and giving lessons on the guitar in the forenoons, and open air concerts in the evenings. Upon taking his departure, Mr. Moore kindly refused to accept of any payment for two month's board at his magnificent hotel, Mr. Friend having attracted so many visitors

during
miles
romant
to Ro
River
grand
Lucre
speak
by so
chant
and a
wond
and s
every
white
was a
there
people
I can
The b
soon
broke
the sh
mens
of sh
little
was i
It wa
—a fi
Then
the e
mind
and l
my h
pulse
rece
spen
grou
stea
Falls
acro
Wor
be f
D
noon
upon
to T
mee
adv
Kin

autifully, and all
 was seated in the
 is herculean task.
 w York to Statten
 embracing in one
 t drawing. Then
 keepsie, the Mili-
 evening. He then
 minutes when the
 ng many others.
 heeked the cheer-
 four days, gloom
 d object in view.
 at were awaiting
 amount of labour
 But having be-
 Troy, and unfor-
 renew his outfit.
 too honest or par-
 a bag left in its
 bt the work of a
 having no other
 yment of his fare,
 y set down in the
 ing to emigrants
 down in the midst
 t station, which
 d with no other
 thought, a place
 nother way. Still
 t be in this wild
 he forest. After
 ies, he suddenly
 ir lanterns placed
 ded him a capital
 tracing his way
 r wine, biscuits,
 n which he had
 g the railway, he
 l beautiful falls
 y Cooper's well-
 al part attracts
 nionable summer
 the kindness of
 two months; he
 l a large sum of
 g lessons on the
 Upon taking his
 for two month's
 o many visitors

during the summer by his versatile talents—many parties actually came for miles around, and from the remotest parts, anxious to hear a concert in so romantic a locality. Much elated with his unexpected success, he hastened on to Rochester for the purpose of sketching the beautiful falls of the Genesee River. He remained here three days, and on the second evening, attended a grand meeting of Woman's Rights Convention, where he heard the celebrated Lucretia Mott, the far-famed Quakeress, and several other eminent female speakers; among others, the celebrated Mrs. Bloomer; great fun was evinced by some one asking where the baby was. Being so close to Niagara, and enchanted with the prospect of so soon seeing that wonder of wonders, Niagara, and actually fancying that he could hear the sound, he hastened on to visit that wonderful locality, and now and then stopping to listen for the roar of the waters, and straining his eyes in the direction that he knew the Falls must lay, and every moment expecting to behold the spray; in a short time he saw two great white clouds rising up slowly and majestically from the depths of the earth: that was all. He describes his approach and visit to Niagara as follows:—"And there for the first time I heard the mighty rush of water. I had often heard of people being disappointed at first in viewing the mighty cataract; as for myself, I can only say that wonder, terror, and delight, completely overwhelmed me. The bank is very steep and slippery. I know not how I got down, but I was soon at the bottom, and climbing with the knapsack on my back over some broken rocks, half-deafened by the noise, half-blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin, I found myself at the foot of the American Fall. I could see an immense torrent of water tearing down from some great height, but had no idea of shape or situation, or anything but vague immensity. I crossed over in the little ferry immediately before both Falls. I began to feel what it was; but I was in a manner perplexed, and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came upon Table Rock, and looked—great heavens! on what?—a fall of bright green water—that it came upon me in its might and majesty. Then it was I felt how near to my Creator I was standing; the first effect—and the enduring and lasting one—of the tremendous spectacle, was, peace, peace of mind, tranquillity, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness; nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty, to remain there changeless and indelible until its pulses cease to beat for ever. O how the strife and trouble of our daily life receded from my view, and lessened in the distance. During the ten months I spent at Niagara those memorable days passed quickly upon that enchanted ground. I often used to sit upon the rocks and watch the rising spray, the little steamer, the Maid of the Mist, with the different visitors as she approached the Falls; and whenever the sun shone, so sure would there be a rainbow appear across the Falls; 'twas then that I could exclaim, Wonderful! wonderful! Words can only convey a faint conception of the grand and sublime scenes to be found at Niagara."

During our young artist's stay at Niagara he visited the whirlpool and every nook and corner of this wonderful region; he then proceeded to Queenstown, upon the Niagara river, and after a sojourn of five weeks there, journeyed on to Toronto, and on the way he had the good fortune to pass through a camp meeting, which was being held about twenty miles from the town. Our young adventurer's funds were now getting rather short, so he took up his residence in King-Street, Toronto, and commenced once more teaching music and drawing

In less than eight months he had replenished his pockets pretty well ; and having a good opportunity of transferring his pupils for a goodly sum, he embraced the opportunity, and then left for Kingston by steamer, crossing Lake Ontario ; he stayed a month, sketching and rambling about the neighbourhood, and then departed for Montreal, sailing down the beautiful river of St. Lawrence. Nothing can exceed a sail down this delightful river, especially through the fairy-like Lake of the Thousand Islands. During his grand descent of this mighty river, he not only selected the best localities for sketching, but collected a great many of the very pretty songs and melodies sung by the Canadian boatmen in their navigation of this river, especially in shooting the Rapids ; he then visited Ogdensburgh, and then set out on foot for the purpose of sketching on the banks of the river. One day he lost his way in the midst of a primitive forest, and after eighteen hours' solitary wandering about, unexpectedly found himself close to a farm-house, where he received a hearty welcome from the family who lived there : they happened to be Irish settlers. He remained there two days, and made a sketch of the old farm ; and although it is not a first-rate one, still it forms a striking feature in the Panorama. He then proceeded along the banks of the St. Lawrence, in the direction of Montreal, where he arrived in fifteen days, and took up his abode with an old French family. He was fortunate enough, while here, to obtain permission from the engineers of the Grand Trunk Railway Company for a loan of the designs and plans for the great Victoria Iron Tubular Bridge, now nearly completed ; the request was acceded to through the influence of the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine. He then took a view of Montreal from the hills behind the city, embracing the beautiful mountains of Vermont, and the scenery around for fifty miles ; he then left for Quebec, and remained several weeks in the town sketching and procuring curiosities from the Indians, who frequently came over from Point Levi. During our young hero's stay at Quebec, he was often entertained by many of the citizens with whom he became acquainted ; on two occasions he was present at grand parties given by the Governor General, from whom he received the greatest kindness and attention. He then proceeded further down the St. Lawrence to visit the Falls of Montmorenci, Grosse Isle, and enjoyed the sports of winter at the celebrated Cones of Montmorenci and the exciting scenes of moose hunting, thereby combining business with amusement ; he then left Canada for the United States, and visited Brooklyn for the purpose of making a drawing of Greenwood Cemetery ; then crossed the river to New York, and took up his abode at Astor House, and from the windows of that hotel he completed his drawings by making a sketch of the grand torch-light procession of the New York Fire Brigades, which he determined should be the last scene of his mammoth picture, being the anniversary of their glorious independence. Thus ended our young artist's prosperous tour of 5,000 miles.

We next find him in a large wooden building, specially erected for him at Washington, for the purpose of painting his picture. He was here once more doomed to disappointment, for he could get no canvass deep enough for his purpose ; therefore he had to relinquish his task for a few months, to enable him to despatch an agent to England to procure the required material. No time was lost in carrying out the order given for it. It was to be made of the best flax, and to be without a single seam. His agent finding his endeavours to procure it fruitless, there being none manufactured of such a vast size ; and,

pretty well; and
 ily sum, he em-
 er, crossing Lake
 e neighbourhood,
 r of St. Lawrence.
 ally through the
 l descent of this
 ing, but collected
 y the Canadian
 g the Rapids; he
 pose of sketching
 ist of a primitive
 expectedly found
 elcome from the
 s. He remained
 ough it is not a
 e. He then pro-
 ion of Montreal,
 an old French
 mission from the
 the designs and
 completed; the
 Elgin and Kin-
 behind the city,
 nery around for
 weeks in the
 who frequently
 Quebec, he was
 ame acquainted;
 y the Governor
 l attention. He
 ills of Montmor-
 brated Cones of
 hereby combining
 ited States, and
 wwood Cemetery;
 at Astor House,
 gs by making a
 k Fire Brigades,
 h picture, being
 ur young artist's

ected for him at
 here once more
 enough for his
 onths, to enable
 d material. No
 be made of the
 his endeavours to
 vast size; and,

knowing that it must be had, regardless of cost, at once gave orders for a loom to be erected and the canvass wove, which was satisfactorily carried out by one of the best firms in Belfast. He then repaired with it to America, where our young adventurer, being nothing daunted at the unexpected delay, immediately commenced transferring the sketches to the canvass; and having secured the assistance of two first-rate artists, worked at this great undertaking, early and late and with a cheerful heart. Week after week, and month after month passed away. At last the leviathan painting is completed. The machinery made, and studio sold to the builder who erected it, the mammoth exhibition is removed to Quebec, for the purpose of being exhibited. Upon the arrival of our young artist, he was at once recognized by his former friends and acquaintances, from whom he received a hearty welcome. Great expectations were manifested as to what the picture would be like—one said, Oh! I shall soon see if it is truthful; another said, Well! I have been at Montreal;—another, I have been at the Falls of Niagara;—another, I know the country well, having navigated the St. Lawrence for the last twenty years. Such was the conversation that passed daily from one to another. The tickets, although rather high in price, being—front seats, one dollar, second seats, half-a-dollar, were sold in rapid succession. It happened to be on a Monday night that was fixed for the first exhibition: the rain poured down in torrents; no one was expected to attend, the weather being so boisterous; but long before the time of opening, the place was besieged, and before the opening of the doors, the rush to obtain admission was terrific. The large Music Hall was literally crammed, and hundreds were unable to gain admission. Upon our young hero's appearance on the platform, he said that the apparent success of his undertaking in Quebec had far exceeded his expectations, and would be ever gratefully remembered. He trusted that if any little fault was observed during the evening, that it would be excused, as he intended being *his own* vocalist, lecturer and musician; after which the curtain opened amidst long and continued cheering. As the picture moved before the eyes of the astonished gazers they recognised one well-known object after another; its accuracy was at once established; their enthusiasm was raised; they went away and told their friends it was grand and truthful; finally it became known, its fame spread far and near; it was daily visited by admiring thousands; excursions were started from the adjacent places; its success was greatest of the great; the exhibition was at once the theme of admiration and delight, and continued without interruption for two months. He then left for Montreal: here his efforts were again triumphant. He afterwards visited his native city, Washington: here he was again equally successful. The Washingtonians were proud of their citizen having produced the largest painting in the world; and before he left the city he was presented with a magnificent gold watch and guard, as a token of esteem from his fellow-citizens. He next visited Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and finally New York. In every place he was crowned with success; in New York three exhibitions were frequently given daily, and numbers refused admittance. The great artist then sailed for England, and opened his wonderful exhibition in Regent-Street, London, where he was visited by delighted and fashionable audiences, including many eminent persons, who frequently bore testimony to its accuracy. Her Majesty hearing of his wonderful enterprize ordered him to repair with it to Buckingham Palace, a request which was gladly complied with. The exhibition was given before her most gracious

Majesty, H.R.H. Prince Albert, and the Royal Family; likewise a large and brilliant assemblage of the Court. At the close of the entertainment her Majesty through Major-General Grey, presented Mr. Friend, the artist and exhibitor, with a magnificent diamond ring, as a mark of her royal approbation, and was further pleased to make a selection of several of his original sketches. This was a laurel unexpectedly achieved, and one that at once stamped his reputation in Great Britain. The press was loud in his praise; the excitement produced was even greater than in America. His room in London was crowded daily by the nobility and fashion of the metropolis. Thus continued his success for four hundred and seventeen days. He then left for the provincial towns, where he is still fast reaping a golden reward—the reward of perseverance and industry—the public having fully appreciated his great work.

THE HERMIT OF THE FALLS.

*** The following Narrative of a very eccentric individual who once visited Niagara, may not be out of place here; he was generally known as "THE HERMIT OF THE FALLS."

About fifteen years since, in the glow of early summer, a young stranger, of pleasing countenance and person, made his appearance at Niagara. It was at first conjectured that he might be an artist, as a large portfolio, with books and musical instruments, were observed among his baggage. He was deeply impressed by the majesty and sublimity of the cataract, and its surrounding scenery, and expressed an intention to remain a week, that he might examine it accurately. But the fascination which all minds of sensibility feel, in the presence of that glorious work of the Creator, grew strongly upon him, and he was heard to say that six weeks were inadequate to become acquainted with its outlines.

At the end of that period, he was still unable to tear himself away, and desired to "build there a tabernacle," that he might indulge both in his love of solitary musings, and of nature's sublimity. He applied for a spot upon the island of the "Three Sisters," where he might construct a cottage after his own model, which comprised, among other peculiarities, isolation by means of a drawbridge. Circumstances forbidding a compliance with his request, he took up his residence in an old house upon Iris Island, which he rendered as comfortable as the state of the case would admit. Here he continued about twenty months, until the intrusion of a family interrupted his reclusive habits. He then quietly withdrew, and reared for himself a less commodious shelter, near Prospect Point. His simple and favourite fare of bread and milk was readily purchased, and whenever he required other food, he preferred to prepare it with his own hands.

When bleak winter came, a cheerful fire of wood blazed upon his hearth, and by the evening lamp he beguiled the hours with the perusal of books in various languages, and with sweet music. It was almost surprising to hear, in such depth of solitude, the longdrawn thrilling tones of the viol, or the softer melodies of the flute, gushing forth from the low-browed hut; or the guitar, breathing out so lightly, amid the rush and thunder of the never-slumbering torrent.

Yet, though the world of letters was familiar to his mind, and the living world to his observation, for he had travelled widely, both in his native Europe, and

the Es
stores
and ad
this in
nothin
to eve
his dw
But
Niaga
worsh
he bar
of the
painte
of Jek
visits
Wh
muted
glitter
he ga
rainbo
thithe
single
it hu
passe
grasp
much
terrib
Am
inter
protr
He
Moss
princ
a mar
obser
Inq
had i
induc
not fo
In
amid
upon
and d
above
then
sprin
It v
even
natur
of ter

wise a large and
ment her Majesty
st and exhibitor,
obation, and was
sketches. This
ed his reputation
temment produced
crowded daily by
is success for four
owns, where he is
e and industry—

LLS.

visited Niagara, may
OF THE FALLS."

young stranger, of
Niagara. It was at
o, with books and
he was deeply im-
its surrounding
e might examine
bility feel, in the
pon him, and he
quainted with its

away, and desired
is love of solitary
on the island of
his own model,
of a drawbridge.
t up his residence
table as the state
months, until the
quietly withdrew
pect Point. His
ed, and whenever
hands.

n his hearth, and
books in various
to hear, in such
e softer melodies
ar, breathing out
torrent
d the living world
ive Europe, and

the East, he sought not association with mankind, to unfold, or to increase his stores of knowledge. Those who had heard him converse spoke with surprise and admiration of his colloquial powers. But he seldom, and sparingly, admitted this intercourse, studiously avoiding society, though there seemed in his nature nothing of moroseness or misanthropy. On the contrary, he showed kindness to even the humblest animal. Birds instinctively learned it, and freely entered his dwelling, to receive from his hands crumbs and seeds.

But the absorbing delight of his existence was communion with the mighty Niagara. Here, at every hour of the day and night, he might be seen a fervent worshipper. At early dawn he went to visit it in its fleecy veil; at high noon he banqueted on the full splendour of its glory; at night beneath the soft tinting of the lunar bow he lingered, looking for the angel's wing, whose pencil had painted it; and at solemn midnight he knelt, soul-subdued, as on the foot-stool of Jehovah. Neither storms, nor the piercing cold of winter, prevented his visits to this great temple of his adoration.

When the frozen mists, gathering upon the lofty trees, seemed to have transmuted them to columns of alabaster, when every branch, and shrub, and spray, glittering with transparent ice, waved in the sunbeam its cornet of diamonds, he gazed, unconscious of the keen atmosphere, charmed and chained by the rainbow-tinted cataract. His feet had worn a beaten path from his cottage thither. There was, at that time, an extension of the Terrapin Bridge, by a single shaft of timber, carried out ten feet over the unfathomable abyss, where it hung tremulously, guarded only by a rude parapet. To this point he often passed and repassed, amid the darkness of night. He even took pleasure in grasping it with his hands, and thus suspending himself over the awful gulf; so much had his morbid enthusiasm learned to feel, and even to revel, amid the terribly sublime.

Among his favourite daily gratifications, was that of bathing. The few who interested themselves in his welfare, supposed that he pursued it to excess, and protracted it after the severity of the weather rendered it hazardous to health.

He scoped out, and arranged for himself, a secluded and romantic bath between Moss and Iris Islands. Afterwards, he formed the habit of bathing below the principal Fall. One bright, but rather chilly day, in the month of June, 1831, a man employed about the ferry saw him go into the water, and a long time after observed his clothes to be still lying on the bank.

Inquiry was made. The anxiety was but too well founded. The poor hermit had indeed taken his last bath. It was supposed that cramp might have been induced by the unwonted chill of the atmosphere or water. Still the body was not found, the depth and force of the current just below, being exceedingly great.

In the course of their search, they passed onward to the whirlpool. There, amid those boiling eddies, was the pallid corse, making fearful and rapid gyrations upon the face of the black waters. At some point of suction it suddenly plunged and disappeared. Again emerging, it was fearful to see it leap half its length above the flood, and with a face so deadly pale, play among the tossing billows, then float motionless, as if exhausted, and anon, returning to the encounter, spring, struggle, and contend like a maniac battling with mortal foes.

It was strangely painful to think that he was not permitted to find a grave, even beneath the waters he had loved; that all the gentleness and charity of his nature should be changed by death to the fury of a madman; and that the king of terrors, who brings repose to the despot and the man of blood, should teach

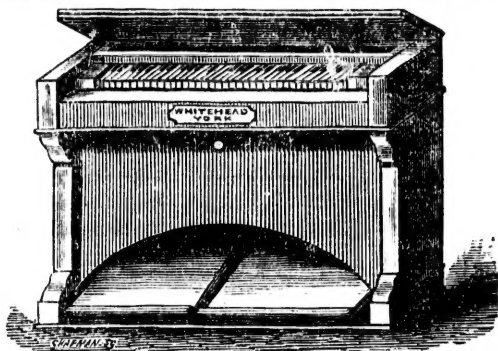
warfare to him who had ever worn the meekness of the lamb. For days and nights this terrible purgatory was prolonged. It was on the 21st of June that, after many efforts, they were enabled to bear the weary dead back to his desolate cottage.

There they found his faithful dog guarding the door. Heavily must the long period have worn away, while he watched for his only friend, and wondered why he delayed his coming. He scrutinized the approaching group suspiciously and would not willingly have given them admittance, save that a low, stifled wail at length announced his intuitive knowledge of the master, whom the work of death had effectually disguised from the eyes of men.

They laid him on his bed, the thick dripping masses of his beautiful hair clinging to, and veiling the features so lately expressive and comely. On the pillow was his pet kitten; to her also the watch for her master had been long and wearisome. In his chair lay the guitar whose melody was probably the last that his ear heard on earth; here were also his flute and violin, his portfolio and books, scattered and open, as if recently used. On the spread table was the untasted meal for noon, which he had prepared against his return from that bath which had proved so fatal. It was a touching sight; the dead hermit—mourned by his humble retainers, the poor animals who loved him—and ready to be laid, by strange hands, in a foreign grave. So fell this singular and accomplished being, at the early age of twenty-eight.

We would think with tenderness of thee, erring and lonely brother, for at that last day, when the secrets of all are unveiled, it will be found that there are sadder mistakes to deplore than thine; time wasted idly, but not innocently, and talents perverted, without the palliation of a virtuous life, the love of nature, or the fear of God.

WHITEHEAD'S TEN GUINEA HARMONIUM.



THE above Instrument has the full compass of Five Octaves, an Expression Stop, possesses a powerful rich quality of Tone, and answers with the greatest rapidity to the touch, and stands well in tune. For small Congregations, Schools, Singing Classes, &c., it will be found most valuable, and in some respects preferable to the Organ, having a sustained Tone susceptible of the utmost expression. It has a substantial Mahogany Case, and can be warranted in every respect. Length 40 inches by 15 wide, 30 inches high.

An Assortment of HARMONIUMS, with all modern improvements, from 10 to 100 guineas.

PLEASE OBSERVE THE ADDRESS,

HENRY WHITEHEAD, ORGAN and HARMONIUM MANUFACTURER,

Concert Agent and Manager for the North of England,

No. 51, CONEY-STREET, YORK.

b. For days and
of June that, after
is desolate cottage.
rily must the long
and wondered why
roup suspiciously
that a low, stifled
er, whom the work

his beautiful hair
comely. On the
er had been long
probably the last
, his portfolio and
ead table was the
return from that
ne dead hermit—
him—and ready
this singular and

brother, for at that
and that there are
t not innocently,
the love of nature.

NIUM.

sion Stop, possesses
y to the touch, and
&c., it will be found
sustained Tone sus-
e, and can be war-

10 to 100 guineas.

NUFACTURER,

